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WILD APPLES: BY OLIVER GOGARTY,
WITH PREFACE BY
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

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WILD APPLES: BY OLIVER GOGARTY, WITH PREFACE BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

THE CUALA PRESS
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PREFACE

I

Some years ago I made a selection from Oliver Gogarty's poetry for the Cuala Press; and now I make another from what he has published between that and now. Oliver Gogarty is a careless writer, often writing first drafts of poems rather than poems but often with animation & beauty. He is much like that in his conversation; except that his conversation is wittier & profounder when public events excite him, whereas public events — some incursion of Augustus John, perhaps, benumb his poetry.

Why am I content to search through so many careless verses for what is excellent? I do not think that it is merely because they are excellent, I think I am not so disinterested; but because he gives me something that I need and at this moment of time. The other day I was reading Lawrence's description in his 'Revolt of the Desert' of his bodyguard of young Arabs: 'men proud of themselves, and without families . . . . . dressed like a bed of tulips;' and because brought up in that soft twilight — 'magic casements'; 'syren there' — come down from the great Liberal Romantics, I recognised my opposite, and was startled and excited. The great Romantics had a sense of duty and could hymn duty upon occasion, but little sense of a hardship borne and chosen out of pride and joy. Some Elizabethans had that

indeed, though Chapman alone constantly, and after that nobody — until Landor; and after that nobody except when some great Romantic forgot, perhaps under the influence of the Classics, his self-forgetting emotion, and wrote out of character. But certainly nobody craved for it as we do, who sometimes feel as if no other theme touched us. I find it in every poem of Oliver Gogarty that delights me, in the whole poem, or in some astringent adjective. It is in his description of his own verses when he compares them to apples and calls them 'a tart crop', often in his praise of women: —

> She does not know her hair
> Is golden with an hint
> Of Trojan ashes in't.

and almost too deliberately there when he longs to have brought for some lovely daughter of Devorguilla's sake: —

Knights of the air and the submarine men cruising
  Trained through a lifetime.

Brought the implacable hand with law-breakers,
Drilled the Too-many and broken their affrontery,
Broken the dream of the men of a few acres
  Ruling a country;

Brought the long day with its leisure and its duty,
Built once again the limestone lordly houses:
Founded on steel is the edifice of Beauty,
  Steel it arouses.

II

The other day I was asked why a certain man did not live at Boar's Hill, that pleasant neighbourhood where so many writers live, and replied 'We Anglo-Irish hate to surrender the solitude we have inherited', and then began to wonder what I meant. I ran over the lives of my friends, of Swift and Berkeley, and saw that all, as befits scattered men in an ignorant country, were solitaries. Even Shaw, who has toiled at public meetings and committee meetings that he might grow into an effective superficial man of the streets, has made the wastrels of 'Heartbreak House' cry when they hear the whirr of a Zeppelin overhead 'Turn on all the lights.' Unlike those Fabian friends of his he desires and doubtless dreads inexplicable useless adventure. And Synge sang of himself as 'Almost forgetting human words', and it was his solitude that got him into trouble; and heaven knows into what foul weather Oliver Gogarty's Anglo-Irish muse has launched the gayest of its butterflies. Yet I recommend Irish Anthologists to select 'Aphorism' which being clear and

inexplicable, will be most misjudged. I would be certain of its immortality had it a more learned rhythm and, as it is I have not been able to forget these two years, that Ringsend whore's drunken complaint, that little red lamp before some holy picture, that music at the end

> 'And up the back-garden
> The sound comes to me
> Of the lapsing, unsoilable
> Whispering sea.'

III

Oliver Gogarty may console himself for he keeps good company. An Arab king sent a man to Lawrence, saying that as he had just given him a hundred lashes for excess of individuality — he had killed an enemy in court under the eye of the judge — he was exactly the man Lawrence wanted for his bodyguard. Yes, we shall be forgiven our butterflies.

W. B. Yeats.

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I

THE CRAB TREE

Here is the Crab-tree,
Firm and erect,
In spite of the thin soil
In spite of neglect.
The twisted root grapples
For sap with the rock,
And draws the hard juice
To the succulent top:
Here are wild apples,
Here's a tart crop!

No outlandish grafting
That ever grew soft
In a sweet air of Persia
Or safe Roman croft;
Unsheltered by steading,
Rock-rooted and grown,
A great tree of Erin,
It stands up alone,
A forest-tree spreading
Where forests are gone.

Of all who pass by it
How few in it see
A westering remnant
Of days when Lough Neagh
Flowed up the long dingles

Its blossom had lit,
Old days of glory
Time cannot repeat;
And therefore it mingles
The bitter and sweet.

It takes from the West Wind
The thrust of the main;
It makes from the tension
Of sky and of plain,
Of what clay enacted,
Of living alarm,
A vitalised symbol
Of earth and of storm,
Of Chaos contracted
To intricate form.

Unbreakable wrestler!
What sapling or herb
Has core of such sweetness
And fruit so acerb?
So grim a transmitter
Of life through mishap,
That one wonders whether
If that in the sap,
Is sweet or is bitter
Which makes it stand up.

3

GALWAY

A grey town in a country bare,
The leaden seas between,
When light falls on the hills of Clare
And shows their valleys green:
Take in my heart your place again
Between your lake and sea,
O City of the watery plain
That means so much to me!

Your cut-stone houses row on row,
Your streams too deep to sing,
Whose waters shine with green as though
They had dissolved the Spring:
Your streets that still bring into view
The harbour and its spars;
The chimneys with the turf-smoke blue
That never hides the stars!

It is not very long since you,
For Memory is long,
Saw her I owe my being to,
And heart that takes to song,
Walk with a row of laughing girls
From Salthill to Eyre Square,
Light from the water on their curls
That never lit more fair.

4

Again may come your glorious days,
Your ships come back to port,
And to your city's shining ways
The Spanish dames resort!
And ere the tidal water falls
Your ships put out to sea . . .
Like crimson roses on grey walls
Your memories to me!

WITH A COIN FROM SYRACUSE

Where is the hand to trace
The contour of her face:
The nose so straight and fine
Down from the forehead's line?

The curved and curtal lip
Full in companionship
With that lip's overplus,
Proud and most sumptuous,

Which draws its curve within,
Swelling the faultless chin?
What artist knows the tech-
nique of the Doric neck:

The line that keeps with all
The features vertical,

Crowned with the thickly-rolled
And corrugated gold?

The curious hands are lost
On the sweet Asian coast,
That made the coins enwrought,
(Fairer than all they bought)

With emblems round the proud
Untroubled face of god
And goddess. Or they lie
At Syracuse hard by

The Fountain Arethuse;
Therefore from Syracuse
I send this face to her,
Whose face is lovelier,

Alas, and as remote
As hers around whose throat
The curving fishes swim
As round a fountain's brim.

It shows on the reverse
Pherenikos the horse;
And that's as it should be:
Horses she loves, for she

Is come of the old stock,
Lords of the lime-stone rock,
And acres fit to breed
Many a likely steed,

Straight in the back and bone,
With head high, like her own;
And blood that, tamed and mild,
Can suddenly go wild.

PORTRAIT WITH BACKGROUND

Devorgilla's supremely lovely daughter,
Recalling him, of all the Leinstermen Ri,
Him whose love and hate brought o'er the water
Strongbow and Henry,

Brought rigid law, the long spear and the horsemen
Riding in steel; and the rhymed, romantic, high line;
Built those square keeps on the forts of the Norsemen,
Still on our sky-line.

I would have brought, if I saw a chance of losing
You, many more — we are living in War-rife time, —
Knights of the air and the submarine-men cruising,
Trained through a life-time;

Brought the implacable hand with law-breakers,
Drilled the Too-many and broken their effront'ry;
Broken the dream of the men of a few acres
Ruling a country?

Brought the long day with its leisure and its duty,
Built once again the limestone lordly houses,—
Founded on steel is the edifice of Beauty,
Steel it arouses.

Here your long limbs and your golden hair affright men,
Slaves are their souls, and instinctively they hate them,
Knowing full well that such charms can but invite men,
Heroes to mate them.

Eyes of the green of the woods that maddened Tristram!
Fair skin and smooth as the rosy-footed dove's wing!
Who would not fight, if he saw you, against this trammelling of Love's wing?

Aye; and bow down, if he saw but half the vision
I dare not call to the mind's eye, to adore you;
And be, if that great light shone with precision,
Awe-struck before you.

PORTRAIT

Lights on her gaudy hair,
How she advances
Joyous and debonair!
And her eyes' glances
Though the sun shines on her
Are not made duller:
Joyous and debonair
Motion and colour!

Can there be anywhere
In all creation
Any sight lovelier?
Did the Greek nation
See in its columnar
Towns, or its isles,
Any sight lovelier?
Wait till she smiles.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT

She does not seem to care,
She does not know her hair
Is golden with an hint
Of Trojan ashes in't.
She does not seem to know

How rarely dark eyes go
With honey-coloured hairs
Drowning the coral ears.

She does not know her worth,
She thinks that Love is mirth,
And laughs: I never saw
Beauty more free from awe.
Yet if the Queen of Love
Descended from above,
What could she do but choose
Her body young and loose,
Her calm and easy ways
And that wide level gaze?
And, maybe, in that dress
Add to her loveliness.

The Past was mine — but O
With this unmelted snow
America has caught
The eye of all my thought:
Helen, your foster-town
Once and for all is down;
And now Grand Rapids race
To take Scamander's place,
Araby the Blest
Loses the Phoenix' nest!

And now, and now
My song shall tell — but how?
Can poetry compose
The budding of a rose,
Or prosody out-do
The throstle in the yew,
Or memory make up
For life and love and hope?
Before her living word
My singing is absurd:
"You have my hand," she said,
"Where shall I put my head?"

WHEN IT IS TOO LATE

When your looking-glass no longer
Throws enchantment back again,
That enchantment which was stronger
Than you guessed on lives of men,
Take my book to find reflected,
Safe from ravage of the years,
All the pride by time rejected:
Only then break into tears.

AFTER GALEN

Only the Lion and the Cock,
As Galen says, withstand Love's shock.
So, Dearest, do not think me rude
If I yield now to lassitude,
But sympathize with me. I know
You would not have me roar or crow.

TO SOME SPITEFUL PERSONS

Your envy pleases me and serves
My fame by all your muttering talk,
Just as the starling flock that swerves
With shrieks aside, and shows the hawk.

Men will lift up the head to stare,
Although it never stoop to strike,
At that still pinion stretched on air
When all such chattering fills the dyke.

TO Æ. GOING TO AMERICA

Dublin transmits you, famous, to the West:
  America shall welcome you, and we,
  Reflected in that mighty glass, shall see
In full proportion power at which we guessed:
We live too near the eagle and the nest
  To know the pinion's wide supremacy:
  But yours, of all the wings that crossed the sea,

Carries the wisest heart and gentlest.
It is not multitudes, but Man's idea
Makes a place famous. Though you now digress,
Remember to return, as back from Rome
Du Bellay journeyed to his Lyré home;
And Plutarch, willingly, to Chaeronea
Returned, and stayed, lest the poor town be less.

APHORISM

(After reading Tolstoi)

I will live in Ringsend
With a red-headed whore,
And the fan-light gone in
Where it lights the hall-door;
And listen each night
For her querulous shout,
As at last she streels in
And the pubs empty out.
To soothe that wild breast
With my old-fangled songs,
Till she feels it redressed
From inordinate wrongs,
Imagined, outrageous,
Preposterous wrongs
And peace at length comes,
Shall be all I will do,
Where the little lamp blooms
Like a rose in the stew;

And up the back-garden
The sound comes to me
Of the lapsing, unsoilable,
Whispering sea.

A PITHY PRAYER AGAINST LOVE

Gods, get me out of it!
Spirits of Laughter
Come to my aid now
And exorcise it!
O you, Priapus,
Flourishing skyward
The gardener's staff,
Flourish it, raise it,
Raise it and flourish it,
Let your preposterous
Pole fall upon her,
Give her a clout of it,
"That for her honour".
Let not a thought now
Of comfort escape us:
Think how, in boisterous,
Blowing Jack Falstaff,
Ridiculous Love looks.
Think how that cheerful
Chiel Hippocleides
Would this my fearful

Passion disparage:
Dancing incessantly,
Dancing indecently,
Danced, till he danced off
A cure for all heart-aches
(Quaint as the cordax),
Danced, till his carriage
Displeased the bride's father;
Dancing it further,
He danced off his marriage;
Danced to surmount his
Fate with 'οὐ φροντίς,'
Shaking his love-locks.
Teach me his courage!

FAREWELL TO THE PRINCESS

I who had your love,
Have now my pride;
And that is worthy of
All love denied.
Times change; but long ago
Men stood no suffering
That came from one alone.
I heard a poet sing;
And I make bold
To say 'twould take a crowd
Of such as you

To bring me down,
I am so proud:
And if you multiply
New loves, so I.
He declared it took
Two fans in double yoke
To moider one,
Two fans, before his broke;
And three shy fans before
The man who studied war,
The Mandarin
Of T'sow gave in;
And twenty ladies to undo
The Duke of Ting,
The Lord of Lu.

PETERSEN LANE

The masts at the bottom of Petersen Lane
Are red in the glow which a level sun casts;
And if you look close, you can see the long grain
In the great pines of Norway which make up the masts:

Those tall polar neighbours that knew the long day,
And gazed out at azure-bright pinnacled forms;
Those resinous timbers immuned from decay
By thunders ancestral and morningless storms.

The pub at the corner abuts on the Quay,
And there go the dockers, there everyone goes
Who likes to be drinking with men from the sea;
And mothers prolific and impudent pros.

The third-story skylarks are singing again;
The children are dancing; O when may their feet
Escape from the alley called after the Dane?
There's hope in the masts at the end of the street.

SANDYMOUNT

The wide blue dome of day
Spreads from the Golden Spears,
And, arching to Lambay,
Rests on its purple piers.
A faint blue mist on high,
Hiding the cirrhus veils;
And out far on the Bay,
Beyond clear Howth, white sails.
The children cease from play,
They call and point and look;
The mail boat has come in
Under its cloud of smoke;
And on a bank of sand
The sea-gulls on their breast
Take the declining West.

The Earth, the Air, the Sea,
The votive poplar trees,
The light without a glare,
Are tranced in happy peace.
But would I hold in song
The sun; and leave immersed
The sweet day in one long
Perpetual Amen?
I should stop thinking first,
Stop thinking and . . . what then?

DEDICATION

Tall unpopular men,
Slim proud women who move
As women walked in the islands when
Temples were built to Love;
I sing to you; with you
Beauty at best can live,
Beauty that dwells with the rare and the few,
Cold and imperative.
He who had Caesar's ear
Sang to the lovely and strong:
Virgil made an austere
Venus, Muse of his song.

KINGDOMS

The sailor tells the children
  His stories of the sea,
Their eyes look over the water
  To where his wonders be:

The flowers as big as tea-cups,
  The great big butterflies,
The long unfooted beaches
  Where stored-up treasure lies;

More than a thousand islands
  Each curved around its pool;
All kingdoms filled with sunlight
  Where no one goes to school;

The fish that leave the water
  In sudden bends of light,
The birds as blue as china;
  The flies that gleam by night. . .

Till, slowly, I remember
  A wistful place; and then
The story of that Kingdom
  First told to long-shore-men.

TO MOORHEAD, BLIND

It takes us all our time with all our eyes
To learn, to know, since knowledge comes from sight;
And long before we give light back for light,
The hour of sunset strikes and daylight flies:
But you had swifter thought, your faculties
Gathered more quickly, so the mind is bright
That met, before the dial struck, the night;
And that black darkness bids me moralize.

When we old friends, old pupils have been sent
Out of the brittle brightness of the air,
If succour follow in such banishment,
Gleams of your fortitude shall find us there
Amidst the sudden vague beleaguerment
Of that great darkness where you, living, are.

PER ITER TENEBRICOSUM

Enough! Why should a man bemoan
A Fate that leads the natural way?
Or think himself a worthier one
Than those who braved it in their day?
If only gladiators died,
Or heroes, Death would be his pride;
But have not little maidens gone,
And Lesbia's sparrow — all alone?

THE OAK-WOOD

You could not see a linnet's wing
Between the oaks that wait for Spring,
Because the air is green and dim
With mosses on each bole and limb.

But soon they'll tingle in the blue
And all their amber joy renew:
And transubstantiate to wood
The Spring's impalpable blue blood.

And they will drain, ere time be past,
From Beauty gall to make them last,
To gaze on many a festive sight:
The wedded heir, the ruddy light.

THE CONQUEST

'Since the Conquest none of us
Has died young except in battle'.
I knew that hers was no mean house,
And that beneath her innocent prattle
Under half-intended words
Shone the memory of Fame;
The glory of continuous swords,
The obligations of a name.
Had I grown incredulous,
Thinking for a little space:

'Though she has the daring brows,
She has not the falcon face:
In the storm from days of old
It is hard to keep at poise,
And it is the overbold,
Gallant-hearted, Fate destroys:
Could I doubt that her forbears
Kept their foot-hold on the sands,
Triumphed through eight hundred years,
From the hucksters kept their lands,
And still kept the conquering knack—
I who had myself gone down
Without waiting the attack
Of their youngest daughter's frown'?

THE EXORCISM

To banish your shape from my mind
  I thought of the dangerous wood
Where a man might wander and find,
  By a stream in the solitude,
The Queen it is death if one sees,
  Death by a merciless dart:
But how could that bring me release,
  Shot as I am to the heart?

'Beauty will cure me,' I cried:
  'By Beauty is Beauty dislodged.'
And I worked on a dream till I eyed
  The Queens whom the young man judged.
But the vision faded and slipt;
  And the cure was a cure of no worth:
For I said, when the Queens were stript,
  'I have given the prize to a fourth.'

Ugliness, Chaos and War
  I know, but I would not invoke;
They would feed you as darkness a star,
  And strengthen the beam of my yoke.
If Love be reborn in a song,
  I with my fate will not quarrel.
But you, if you do him a wrong,
  May be changed to a reed or a laurel.

EXCOMMUNICATION

Go to the fields of purple and gold;
  With lovers and young Queens remain,
Blossoms on battlements of old,
  Far in the background of my brain.
Rest with them there, but stand apart
  Though equal of the best who died;
For no one enters in my heart
  By Death or by Love undefied.

OFF SICILY

Shell tilted up by Venus' heel
  Seen through the milk of morning air;
White Sicily confronts our keel
  And land and strand and all are fair
As that smooth-lined up-tilted boat
  From which the Foam-Born Queen stept out.

But who can land where I am bound?
  And who shall dare to call it home
They shall not find it holy ground,
  Who have not found the fleecy tome,
The curling characters that deck
  The nape of Venus' golden neck.

LAMBAY

Hush, my Heart, you must not say:
It is lovelier in Lambay,
When that island meets the eye
Somewhat bluer than the sky.

Lawns it has and pleasant streams
Calm and flowing in your dreams.
Ah, but if your dreams came true,
What would happen, Heart, to you?

With your dreams you must not part;
Hold them in; and then, my Heart,
You and I shall be instead
Calm and free and islanded.

CASTLE CORRIB

Of old the rigid deed was done,
And kine were snatched and castles won,
And many an acre occupied;
And then the iron swordsmen died.

And though there come a softer crew
Enriched by all they gain or brew,
And fields are stocked and keeps are stored;
The men around regret the sword.

THE IMAGE-MAKER

Hard is the stone, but harder still
The delicate preforming will
That guided by a dream alone,
Subdues and moulds the hardest stone,
Making the stubborn jade release
The emblem of eternal peace.

If but the will be firmly bent,
No stuff resists the mind's intent;
The adamant abets his skill
And sternly aids the artist's will,
To clothe in perdurable pride
Beauty his transient eyes descried.

TO DEATH

But for your Terror
Where would be Valour?
What is Love for
But to stand in your way?
Taker and Giver,
For all your endeavour
You leave us with more
Than you touch with decay.

TO THE FIXED STARS

(Lux Perpetua)

Gazers at Earth who may not snatch
A moments rest, O Sentinels,
Who watch, with none to change the watch,
Is there a Rumour which foretells,

After long vigilance, relief;
And timeless ease from age-long hours:
A respite from the blaze of Life
Deep in a shelter such as ours,

Where you may bathe your eyes in Night,
  Trusting to Death's long 'All is well!'?
Ah, no! For what can give respite
  And quench the light perpetual?

Our very shade which seems to rest,
  Spins at the apex of its cone;
The dark in which the stars shine best
  Is by some solar radiance thrown.

Even the Primordial Dark that once
  Engendered light, nor growth debars,
Is phosphorescent with dead suns
  And pregnant with the dust of stars.

NYMPHIS ET FONTIBUS

Soldier of Rome, well-trained and hard,
Who dwelt in Britain once and warred,
With no outlandish creed to mar
The stern salvation of the war.

Strong in yourself, you bore your care,
Your soul was like your camp, four-square;
And uncomplaining, iron-shod,
Marched with Rome's honour for your god.

No bigot! In barbarian lands,
Roman where Rome no longer stands,
This altar to your hard-won love:
Earth, and the Nymphs and Springs thereof.

TOT MILIA FORMOSARUM

I, as the Wise Ones held of old,
  Hold there's an Underworld to this;
And do not fear to be enrolled
  In Death's kind metamorphosis.

More wonderful than China's halls
  To Marco Polo; or the West
A-bloom beyond those icy walls
  When great Magellan made the quest.

Enlarged and free, the wings of Rhyme
  Cannot outreach its purple air;
The generations of all Time
  And all the lovely Dead are there.

THE PLUM TREE BY THE HOUSE

In morning light my damson showed
Its airy branches oversnowed
On all their quickening fronds,
That tingled where the early sun
Was flowing soft as silence on
Palm trees by coral ponds.
Out of the dark of sleep I come
To find the clay break into bloom,
The black boughs all in white!
I said, I must stand still and watch
This glory, strive no more to match
With similes things fair.
I am not fit to conjure up
A bird that's white enough to hop
Unstained in such a tree.
Or crest him with the pride to come
In purple glory on the plum.
Leave me alone with my delight
To store up joy against the night,
This moment leave to me!
Why should a poet strain his head
To make his mind a marriage-bed:

Shall Beauty cease to bear?
There must be things which never shall
Be matched or made symmetrical
On earth or in the air:
Branches that Chinese draughtsmen drew,
Which none may find an equal to,
Unless he enter there
Where none may live — and more's the pity!—
The Perfect, The Forbidden City,
That's built— Ah, God knows where!
Then leave me while I have the light
To fill my mind with growths of white,
Think of them longer than
Their budding hour, their springing day,
Until my mind is more than May;
And, maybe, I shall plan
To make them yet break out like this
And blossom where their image is,
More lasting and more deep
Than coral boughs in light inurned,
When they are to the earth returned,
And I am turned to sleep.

RELEASE

Not fixed is Beauty, as I thought
  When first your pride I faced;
But by some wonder heaven-wrought
  May be, at once, displaced.

The heart to one idea tied
  May be released some day;
Some day the Messenger, descried
  Above Pieria,

Shall stoop; and as he skims and dips—
  Each sandal's golden fin
Fanning the violet water tips
  To rainbows as they spin—

Come with the order from above;
  And, like Odysseus, free,
I, for an human-hearted love,
  Again shall risk the sea.

Here ends 'Wild Apples' by Oliver Gogarty. Two hundred and fifty copies of this book have been printed on paper made in Ireland, and published by Elizabeth Corbet Yeats, at the Cuala Press 133 Lower Baggot Street Dublin, Ireland. Finished in the last week of February 1930.

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